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BILL NYE IN OHIO.

HE WRITES ABOUT SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE STATE.

Lima, the Birthplace of the Electric Car. Some of the Joys and Sorrows of Getting a Draft Cashed—A Beautiful Play That William Saw.

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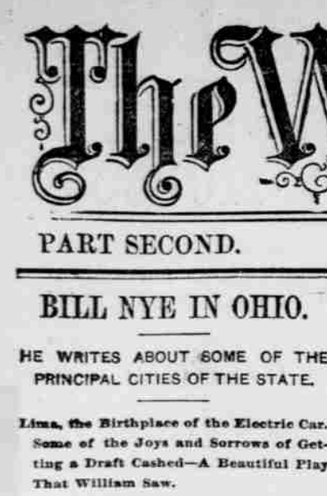
IN OHIO.

The success and prosperity of the Ohio society, of New York, is ample proof of the great wealth and intelligence of the Buckeye State, but after all it is better to travel through the great state and observe her countless avenues of wealth, from her beautiful and well kempt farms to her statesmen, from her cabbages to her natural gas. You understand it better.

The middle states have one peculiarity that they are beginning almost to wish they did not have, although it was started



AT THE BANK.

ont to be a charm. Charms, however, when neglected, become at times nuisances.

We were visiting Lima not long since, a thrifty town with all the snap and vigor of a new gold camp in the west, yet with the shrewd and cool headed business tact of a Cape Cod town. She has this characteristic, however, to which I have darkly alluded. It is a public square. The public square was of course intended to be on the start a thing of beauty, but it has in too many of the middle state towns become an open air livery stable, covered with the choice decorations of a badly farmed farm.

The square is of course geographically in the center of the town, and is distinctly visible from every direction. The idea is a good one, but when it becomes the grazing ground of the motheaten horse and the home of the watermelon rind, the spring of the year adds no beauties to it and Taxpayer and Veritas write pieces about it.

It is also in many cases a hay and wood market. Here the man in the blue army overcoat (he has never been in the army or he would not be wearing it) meets the man in the buffalo overcoat, and they borrow tobacco of each other, chew some of it, spit eight times, water their stock and go home.

People come to the editor and say: "That square is getting to be a blamed nuisance. You ought to roast it. Go for it." Then the editor says in his paper, provided the man who made the suggestion has paid for his advertising promptly:

"We regret greatly to see our beautiful public square in such a neglected condition. Will not some one move in the matter? It is a sin and a shame, and as a matter of fact it is high time to call a halt."

Teams not actually engaged in traffic on the streets ought not to be permitted to stand hitched inside the business part of any city whatever. Even Minneapolis, big and prosperous as she is, still permits hundreds of farm teams to stand tied along its main avenues, not only by the hour, but by the day, a vast fringe of starvation, colic and botts in the very heart of a great, thriving and beautiful city.

The farmer would not want the gas works on his farm. Why does he expect to bring his nuisances into town? Because the farm is too often in the spring of the year a vast, humiliating exposure, that is no reason why these sanitary methods should be brought into town, is it?

Lima has about the earliest electric car line in America. It is a double trolly system, and the cars are getting old and childish. The rolling stock is to be renewed very soon.

At all these towns nearly every one's room is heated by natural gas. It holds out very well. I was through this state early in the discovery business, and I then prophesied that gas from the interior of the earth would continue to manifest itself up to the present time, and possibly even later. Subsequent history has shown that I was right.

The electric street cars of Lima are sadly out of repair, as I said. They have the odor of a cheap lodging house on the Bowery, as nearly as I can recall it now. They are shabby in the extreme. Also in the middle. Next Lent I shall abstain from the use of these cars.

Lima is one of the thrifty and prosperous cities of Ohio, and is also the home of the Lima bean.

In Cincinnati the other day we tried to buy a New York draft. The first four banks were just out of New York drafts, and the fifth one had just been plagiarized by a "gentleman with a cough" who downed the bank for some $27.35, I believe, and so it did not feel like selling New York exchange to "strangers." The bank had just offered a reward of seventy-five cents for the arrest and apprehension of the fiend who had "did it up" in that bold way.

It seems that some months ago a man from Chattanooga came in "with a cough" and presented a draft for payment. It was pretty large, and the cashier looked suspiciously at the owner of the paper, but he kept his hand up to his mouth with that steady, dry, hacking cough, which they say carried him off pretty soon. Something did, anyhow. Possibly it was the cars.

When the draft was sent on for payment to the bank on which it was drawn it was discovered, alas! too late, that the man with the cough was one of those practical engineers who can put a pair of jackscrews under a ten dollar draft and raise it to any required denomination while you wait.

He had a preparation of pulp and a powerful press, with which he filled up the $ mark generally cut out of the paper at the end of the amount of the draft. Then he could easily cut out such other figures as his desire for ready money seemed to justify.

I had the misfortune to drop into several banks in Cincinnati soon after this affair, and having, as I do, the air of a plausible, unhung hellion from Tompkinsville, Staten Island, of course I was at once spotted by the eagle eyed man behind the wires, who had resolved that no *stranger* should steal the bank's funds anyhow.

Finally, at the German National bank, I was received kindly and a draft was sold to me at a reasonable price, with the understanding that I would be careful of it. A Cincinnati merchant said to me, however, that it was not fear of my ultimate intention to raise the draft that led the other banks to be rude. It was probably quite another reason. But even if that were the case, why couldn't they say at once that they had no deposits with the New York banks and so could not sell a draft? I would not have told any one. I would have respected their squalor and misery. Now of course I am under no obligations.

On the street yesterday I ran into a young man who was admiring his new spring suit in the glass store fronts as he passed along the street. I hurt him quite severely. He reproached me, but I am accustomed to that. A little reproach in the spring of the year does me good.

I saw him coming a square away and regarding himself with ill disguised affection in the big windows and allowing ladies and children to get out of his way or have a wing knocked off, so I said to my companion, "See me knock a little North Carolina etiquette into that mollusk that we see yonder."

When I got up speed I steered for him with a newspaper in my hand, reading it carefully and trying to figure out what show there was for a premature presidential boom which has the dressing removed from it a month too early. I got up pretty good steam, for I weigh over 185 pounds now, and living at first class hotels all winter has given me fresh vitality and filled me with animal spirits and high purposes.

There was a sort of crunching sound, such as one hears when the lion tamer inserts his head into the open jaws of the wrong lion by mistake. The young man staggered back over a dressed hog and the two lay there together, as it were, one dressed hog beside the other dressed hog. It was a touching sight. The overdressed hog did not look so peaceful as the other one did. He had a troubled look which was not shared by the one that had the forced smile and a chip in his mouth, also a stick to prop his bosom open.

There are several street nuisances of this kind who make it dangerous for people to walk much in town. One walks along the street reveling in the view of himself in the store fronts; another reads the paper on the street, and another goes along counting his change, ever and anon stealing a ride on some lady's train.

I shook hands with Governor McKinley at Columbus the other day and added him to my handsome and growing list of eminent acquaintances. He looks more like a statesman than any other American I have been at all intimate with since the untimely death of Daniel Webster. Governor McKinley is an ideal statesman in appearance and bearing. His head is well shaped, his carriage is dignified and easy and his manner comfortable and refined. Gentleness and repose constitute the two great primary elements of the gentleman, and Governor McKinley has these.

The true gentleman does not like to make anybody feel uncomfortable. The prig does. We did not talk long, as I am a very busy man and cannot pause in the great battle of life to visit with the various governors with whom I am thrown in contact, so we merely passed the time of day, and when I had taken in a good

THE GOVERNOR HAD GONE.

full breath to explain this to the governor I discovered that he had gone. He was then on his way to Rhode Island, where he expected to speak in public.

Columbus is a beautiful city, peopled with a class of excellent people. The state house is also located here. I have spoken of it before. It is a plain structure, known as the Buckeye Architectural Wart. It consists of a large stand pipe with a lean-to at each side. It is owned by the state. No private person would accept it.

The Columbus Buggy company is located at Columbus, and supplies a number of the smaller hotels with goods.

At Columbus I went to see a melodrama. It was called, "A Woman's Vengeance, or The Guilty Crime."

It was a thrilling piece. It supplies eleven distinct thrills and three opportunities to go out and get an anodyne.

The heroine of the play may be observed in the center of the stage at all times. That is how you know she is the star. She appears first as a lowly girl in a gingham dress and diamond ring. In this garb she is betrayed and ruthlessly jollied into a bogus marriage with a low, coarse man, who laughs hoarsely, spurns her from him, speaks coarsely through his hat and goes away.

She then resolves to become an heiress. Her father dies on the stage, losing his life and his artificial whiskers at the same time. His death leaves her wealthy, as her father, though poor, has invented a machine for boring holes in macaroni, thus reducing the cost of its production over 75 per cent., and so the girl, with entirely new clothing and a desire for revenge, goes abroad and acquires the French language.

When she returns she goes to work systematically to ruin the man who so ruthlessly jolted her affections and then went elsewhere. She goes into the stock market and by means of a cheap boy, who knows how to buy in such a way as to make money and yet ruin her old paramour, she has inside of a few weeks shaken Wall street so that it has to be replumbed throughout, and then she gets the job of doing it herself.

Toward the close of the play she gets ready for the denouement. If I ever write another play I shall by all means have a denouement. I did not think of it before, but it is certainly a good thing.

All along through the play she is getting ready and issuing invitations for this denouement. It is very well attended, indeed, and passes off pleasantly.

For the denouement she changes her dress, appearing in a scarlet plush cloak which envelops her entirely. When she gets ready to forbid the wedding of her old and tough lover, who has made arrangements to marry a stoop shouldered heiress whose family extends back among the Ptolemys, she throws this cloak aside as a boy would cast aside his garments before going in swimming, and stands before him dressed as she was when he so basely wooed and then deserted her.

I hate a man who will do that and then brag about it. A man who will basely deceive a girl that way and then laugh about it ought to be written up in the papers, and I was glad to see that the play turned out that way. I always like to see a play like that. It elevates me.

One man was killed in the play, but it was not so sickening as some deaths are on the stage. I could have made it more sickening for twenty-five dollars.

It is the only weak place in the play.

Bill Nye

The Man with the Wax Face.

A French medical journal tells of a remarkable surgical operation performed upon a certain Joseph Moreau, a soldier in the army of the north, whose eyes, nose, teeth and lower jaw and, indeed, his whole face was shot away by a shell in the battle of Bapaume, January, 1871. Although he was left on the field for dead, he managed to stagger to a neighboring village, where he was cared for by the doctors. Later on one of the most distinguished surgeons of the day applied to the head, which was left almost without human semblance, a wax mask so cleverly adapted to the healthy portion of the skin as to appear quite continuous with it. This mask, as the years have passed, has become firmly attached to the head, the skin having grown around the edges, and has permitted the unfortunate wearer to appear less an object of repulsion to his fellow men.

Moreau has got quite used to breathing through the false nostrils, and by the help of an artificial jaw worked by a portion of the original bone, he is able to eat comfortably and masticate the toughest kind of food.

His voice has regained its natural quality and the sense of smell has come back to him with even more than natural acuteness. Of course he sees nothing through the false eyes which look out from his waxen features with a glassy stare, but it is long since he has acquired the peace of mind with which blind men are so often blessed, and in all the canton of Landredies, where he lives, there is not a happier man or one more fond of telling and listening to a good story than he who is known as the "Man with the Wax Face." He lives modestly on his pension and adds to his resources by the sale of a little pamphlet giving a scientific account of his wonderful cure.

Calling Attention to Home Missions.

Parson Cliff had an invalid wife and a large family, but though some of his parishioners were well to do and respected him highly, they were often in their zeal for the heathen forgetful of their duty nearer home.

The old meeting house was badly in want of repair, and the minister's family was in need of many things; but as the house could not complain and the family did not, the "Burmese Gleaners" society absorbed all the zeal that was available in the parish, as well as most of the funds that could be raised.

"They're only thoughtless, my dear," the minister patiently explained to his wife one day. "But I think perhaps it will do no harm, now that matters have gone so far, for me to give them a little hint next Sabbath as to the way things stand. I would not wish to take from the heathen, but"——

The pastor never finished his sentence, but the next Sunday morning he said, as he buttoned his threadbare coat closer about his spare form:

"Brethren and sisters, I have noticed that some members of the congregation are shivering from the cold. I would gladly have replaced the broken pane of glass in the window directly behind me weeks ago, but no rags could be spared from the family wardrobe. The collection for foreign missions will now be taken up, after which we will sing the missionary hymn."

The pastor received a number of calls during the week which followed, in the course of which his heart was made much lighter and his purse heavier, and at the next meeting of the Burmese Gleaners it was voted that a portion of the sum raised each month was to be reserved for home missions.—Youth's Companion.

Being impermeable to air, newspapers form excellent envelopes for vessels containing ice and fresh liquors.

Reviving Wilted Flowers.

We are told to put wilted plants received by mail in water half an hour. I've frequently left them in all night and found them fresh in the morning. Badly wilted lily bulbs I've left in water two nights and a day and was surprised to see how plump

THE AFTERGLOW.

The mist has crept up from the fen—
The cold gray mist that shrouds the earth;
The shadows deepen in the glen;
The day is done—the day of mirth.

The twilight falls, and faint and low
Is heard the night bird's lonely song,
That sobs a symphony of woe,
Sobs and bewails the night along.

Then, as we sigh for vanished day
And watch the darkness settle slow,
Through the dense shadows darts a ray,
A flush—it is the afterglow!

The gathering night rolls sullen back
As the pale flashes come and go,
As follows close on evening's track
The glory of the afterglow!

So, when the world seems dark and drear,
And Fates no more their gifts bestow,
Perchance a brighter day is near,
Perchance—who knows?—the afterglow!
—Albert P. Terhune in Harper's Bazar.

MYRA'S ADVENTURES.

It was with real sorrow that Myra Ferris bade adieu to a school that had really been a home to her, to teachers who had been friends, schoolmates who had been like sisters. The eldest Miss Lipsett went to the depot with her in the cab, and on the way began a course of advice to unprotected females that lasted until the depot was reached. The main point of the advice was to speak to nobody. Of all things calculated to bring an unprotected young, single female traveler to grief, speaking to an unknown person was the most dangerous.

"Remember," cried Miss Lipsett from the station platform, and she put her finger to her lips. Away went the cars, and Myra sat wrapped in her veil and saw the familiar landscape vanish, and thought how the girls would miss her and how she would miss them, until by slow degrees future hopes replaced past memories.

"And I am on my way to be married," she said to herself; "what a queer girl I am to have forgotten all about it."

It was odd, but then Myra's engagement was an odd one.

She had been brought up by her grandmother, a sentimental lady of the old school, who was very fond of her. However, her grandfather—who was afflicted with the gout and a bad temper—made his house no home for a child, and the girl was soon sent to school. She spent the summer vacations at home, however, and at times she met Ben Cooper, who lived on the next place and whose mother had been her grandmother's schoolmate, though Mrs. Ferris had married at sixteen and Mrs. Cooper at forty. Ben was the only child of the more mature couple, the idol of their hearts.

At first he was, of course, a big boy, always ready to amuse the pretty little girl next door, but by the time Myra was sixteen, he was a young man, a very pretty fellow, with blue eyes, curly hair and a dimple in his chin. And he fell in love with Myra and told his mother so, and his mother told Myra's grandmother, and Myra's grandmother asked Myra to confide in her, and the girl said, with blushes, that she "did like Ben."

Then the elderly ladies resolved to make the young people happy, and they were engaged to each other, and Ben set to work to make his fortune and Myra went back to school.

In the course of making his fortune Ben was obliged to go to California, and there he had now remained five years, and Myra had been kept at school perfecting herself in many accomplishments until she was one-and-twenty. And now the poor old grandfather, no longer driven mad by his aches and pains, lay at rest in his grave, and when Myra reached home the wedding day would be set, and Ben would go into business for himself near his old home.

They had written constantly; she had always thought of him fondly. He wrote that he would be the happiest man alive when once he held her hand in his again.

"I shall be very happy, I know," Myra said to herself, "and I suppose all the talk in plays and novels must be exaggerated, that in real life people never go wild about each other, but just feel nicely, as I do to Ben."

She had come to this conclusion, when the word "junction" reached her ears. She was to change at Croydon junction, and springing to her feet she ran to the door and was helped to the platform by an energetic brakeman. A moment after she recognized the fact that she had made a mistake. This was not the place at which she should have alighted. She must return to her car. But sometimes at the junctions cars do very erratic things.

While Myra had been gazing about her and realizing the fact that at Croydon Junction there was a grocery and not a hotel at the corner of the one long street, that the station was on the other side, and that the church there visible had a steeple, whereas the one in sight had a tower, her car had glided away and another taken its place. It was a New York train from which people had alighted to take luncheon, and as it flew upon its way without making pause, Myra soon began to feel uneasy. She wanted to ask questions, but the awful warning to be silent prevented her from speaking to her neighbors. In vain she called to the conductor as he went by; he would not stop.

"Can I be of any service?" asked a masculine voice at her elbow. But Myra only shook her head, and at last, with the word "tickets!" the conductor really paused beside her seat.

"I gave you my ticket," she said. "I have to buy another at the junction. I'm going to Chicago.

The conductor stared at her in silence, then shook his head.

"This is the New York express," he said. "How did you come here?"

Myra explained.

"Well," he said, "all that you can do now is to go on and take the Chicago express from New York. This trip won't cost you much. We'll be in the city within two hours." He wrote something on a ticket and handed it to her.

Myra put her hand in her pocket. Her purse was gone.

"Oh," surely I must have dropped it here," she cried. She searched about; so did her neighbors; so did the conductor. Finally the conductor walked away.

Big tears began to pour down Myra's cheeks. She was terrified beyond expression.

"I beg your pardon," said the gentleman beside her, "but I see how terribly alarmed you are. There is no reason. I will see that everything is right. You shall get safely to Chicago, I give you my word for that; I'll take care of you."

For a moment Myra reflected; then she turned and looked at the gentleman. He was a handsome, brown bearded young man, with nice eyes, broad shoulders and that protecting air that women love. Despite all the warnings that had been given her, she could not feel afraid of him. Besides, what could she do, penniless and alone, on her way to a great city where she had never been before?

"You are so kind, sir," she said. "I feel like a little helpless child. I have never traveled before, and do not know what to do in emergencies like this."

"Found your pocketbook?" the conductor asked at this moment.

Myra saw her neighbor hand him some money and receive a ticket, which he stuck in the back of the seat before her.

"I am already under pecuniary obligations to you, sir," she said. "My friends, who will be very grateful to you, will, of course, not allow me to remain so. Will you kindly give me your card that I may know where to"——

"All in good time," the gentleman interrupted. "Now try to forget your anxiety."

Myra made an effort to do so. She wiped her eyes, removed her tear soaked veil and soon looked herself again. Meanwhile her neighbor talked on gayly, pointed out the interesting places on the road, amused her in a thousand ways. New York was reached before she dreamed that they were there. And now what was to happen?

What happened was this:

Her escort left her in the waiting room for a moment, and returning placed a ticket in her hands.

"Express to Chicago," he said; "but the Chicago express does not leave for several hours and we must have some dinner. I know a nice little restaurant hard by; we will go there."

Poor Myra! All that she could do was to repeat her thanks and think what grandmamma and the Misses Lipsett would say if they knew she had not only talked to a stranger, but was under obligations to him and was going to dine with him. And, moreover, since of course the gentleman would be repaid the money he had so kindly spent in her behalf, she really quite enjoyed the adventure.

"There must be something gypsylike about me," she thought, "in spite of all my good bringing up, to feel this way."

But she could not help being delighted with her afternoon. Such a nice little dinner; such a nice little walk afterward. Then tea in the loveliest place Myra had ever seen, and then off and away to the depot again. She felt as though she had known her companion forever.

"You will take this young lady to her sleeping compartment," the gentleman said to a porter, "and see that she has all she wants." There was a gleam of silver between his glove and the black hand so readily outstretched. "Now, goodby," he said, "and thank you for the most pleasant experience I have ever had." He put a parcel into her hands as he spoke.

"Oh, I have enjoyed it very much myself," said Myra; "but—the pecuniary obligation. Kindly give me your card—my family will"— The car began to move.

"Take care, sir," cried the porter. The gentleman stepped briskly out of the way of an approaching engine, only just in time. Her momentary fright over, Myra saw him waving his handkerchief in the distance.

Here was a situation! But what could Myra do but go to her place, where later she opened the dainty white parcel and found a novel by the author she best loved and a package of the most delightful confectionery.

How oddly she felt—half happy, half frightened; how her heart was beating! How words this stranger had uttered, glances that he had given, returned to her memory! What did it all mean?

After she had tried to read awhile she tucked herself under the snowy linen of her bed. The soft, pink edged blanket wrapped her snugly, the car moved easily, but she could not sleep.

Suddenly in the night she sat up, covered her face with her hands and began to sob.

"I am in love with him," she said, "and I shall never see him again, and I am going home to marry Ben Cooper, whom I only like—a little. Oh, what shall I do?"

Oh, how she cried! But it was only natural, her grandmother thought, that she should wear a tear stained face after such frightful adventures. There had been the wildest excitement over her nonappearance, and Ben having gone away on business, "something about property," Mrs. Ferris said. "I had not his assistance in making inquiries. What my feelings were you will never know."

Poor Myra had enough to do to think of her own feelings.

Ben's absence, however, she was thankful for, for now that she knew what love was, she could never, never marry a man she only liked.

Both ladies worried over the pecuniary obligation, and the crowning touch was given to Myra's mortification when, in shaking out her traveling dress, she found her pocketbook, with all its contents safe between the stuff and the lining. There was neither rip nor hole, but a piece of the drapery had been so placed that Myra had, in a moment of abstraction, thrust the pocketbook under it, and the mysterious "something" which had now and then struck her ankle was at last discovered.

Oh, it was dreadful! and yet, but for the supposed loss that happy afternoon would never have been. Poor Myra! she was very sorry for herself, sorry for Ben, when in the course of a week she heard that he was at home.

"They will be here to tea," Mrs. Ferris said, and Myra wished that the floor would open and swallow her. Still her resolution was unchanged, and when at last she had dressed herself up in her pink cashmere, trimmed with white lace, pinned a rosebud in her hair and was fairly on her way to the parlor she resolved that Ben should not for a moment be deceived. Gravely she entered the room, her cheeks pale, her eyes cast down. Some one rushed forward to greet her—two hands caught hers. She looked up. Before her stood the stranger who had won her heart.

"You did not know me, Myra," he cried, "but I knew you at once. It was very hard to send you home alone, but the lawyers needed me and I could not go with you. Can you forgive me my foolish joke?"

And Myra was, as you may imagine, only too happy to forgive.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Chicago Times.

Money in the Museum Business.

A Biddeford (Me.) man some time ago started to travel with a circus as a vendor of candy and peanuts. In Altoona, Pa., the show got into financial difficulties and disbanded. The Maine man, not at all discouraged, bought the stuffed snake and trained bear and hired the fat woman. He found an empty store, hired it, put his three curiosities on exhibition and started in as proprietor of a museum. The first week he cleared $300. Now he is the proprietor of a good dime museum, runs a stage show giving two performances daily, has crowded houses and big profits.—Exchange.

Clerical Families.

There are no fewer than ten Bardsleys in the church, all of the same stock. There are other families with an equally clerical bent; most of the Claughtons, Coplestons, Brownes, Bickersteths and Wordsworths go into the church, and not a few Wilberforces, Elliotts and Philpotts. Bishops have such splendid opportunities of advancing their sons that they naturally bring them up to their own profession.—London Tit-Bits.

Worse Still.

Mrs. Witherby—What did your cook do? Go off in a huff?

Mrs. Plankington—No. She went off in my tailor made gown.—Cloak Review.

NYM CRINKLE'S LETTER

What Gotham Sees and Hears in Many Playhouses.

A GREAT GERMAN WOMAN'S ART.

Fraulein Sandrock Has Captured New York Teutons—The Actors' Fund Fair. Drew Deserts Daly—Modjeska, Pitou's Players and Other Miscellany of the Stage.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 6.—The German actress, Adele Sandrock, who has been playing at the Academy of Music, is an artist of unquestioned power and versatility. She is not imposing in appearance and did not at once strike the eye either with her beauty or her grace, but it was not long before her art began to tell with the observers. I have on many occasions given it as my opinion that the German actors are the best artists that are now furnished to us. I remember when Ristori and Janauschek were playing simultaneously in this city and giving us pretty much the same classical repertory, how surely the German actress rose in the general critical estimate above her Italian contemporary, who had all the advantage of prestige and advertising. I remember Sonnenthal, and—well, who can forget Possart's magnificent interpretation of Shylock after Mr. Henry Irving's pictorial representation?

I think the best German actors have more conscience than either the French or the Italian. They do their work with a deeper sense of obligation to an art. Sandrock appeared the other night in Dumas "Clemenceau Case," one of the most powerful of dramas with a distinctly ethical basis, and I was pleased to see that when she played the piece the ethical spirit of it was made apparent.

This play was done here in English at the Standard theatre a year ago. The adapter and manager saw nothing but a sensation in it. The scheme calls for an artist's studio with a live model half draped, and upon that feature they built all their hopes of success. A woman was engaged to exhibit herself. The press fell upon the play, the vulgar public exulted and the scheme was pushed into a feverish and unwholesome vogue. From that day to this the public verdict has been averse to the "Clemenceau Case." But when Sandrock played it the other night there was nothing objectionable, and the moral which Dumas endeavored to paint was made obvious to all.

These performances in German are not patronized by the American theater goers to any great extent. The audiences are almost entirely German, and are quite unlike any other in their patience, their insight and their intolerance of mere sensation. They do not care for gaudy scenery. I have witnessed some of the finest and noblest interpretations of Schiller, Goethe and Shakespeare at Amberg's theater without thinking of the setting, and have gone from that house to Irving's performances to see Shakespeare buried in managerial splendors. You will doubtless remember that when Ristori and Salvini first came here they brought their scenery with them, painted on thin paper, and very shabby it was. They deliberately kept the mise en scene down to a low tone and put their dependence on the acting.

The German colony in New York is a large one—quite as large as the population of several German cities—and it has its own theatrical ideas, one of which is an ingrained dislike for "hoomping."

"Geoffrey Middleton" is the name of a play written by Martha Morton and produced by Mr. Pitou's company at the Union Square. It came very near being a brilliant success, but, falling in that, it failed in all. There is a great deal of thoughtfully good work in what Martha Morton does, but it scarcely reaches the point of novelty. It is always more or less familiar. The deciding merit of any play with an audience is not goodness abstractly, but interest concretely.

The manager always asks, "Will they come again?" and not, "Will they speak well of it?" That will always be so until theatrical success ceases to depend on a popular vote.

I found myself commending this play. It was ingenious and clever, but had no fresh depths. So I do not find myself going back to get a second good look at something that was new. Miss Seligman was largely in it, in just the same cyclonic degree that she is in anything else, with suppressed anxiety waiting for her opportunity to spring, tigresslike, at a climax and bite it in the neck. She is always explosive, and when she is she wakes the echoes; all the jungles of the gallery answer her.

Twenty years ago Miss Seligman would have been what they called a "scene chewer." In our time she is suppressed a little by the material and by the Pitou. She reminds me somewhat of a man who has been crying "Old clothes!" on one note, and when he takes to lecturing betrays that note. If she could take a course in Amberg's theater for a year, what an admirable equalization might be brought about. If she were to ask my advice I should say, "Go and see Sandrock, who, without your sensuous voice and rich southern blood, manages to do a great deal more with her material."

Miss Jane Stuart, who is really the coming woman of Mr. Pitou's company, made another hit in the role of a strong minded girl. This promising young actress has already attracted attention, and I really do not know of another "youthful aspirant" who has kept pace with her.

The opponents of the Actors' Fund fair, which is to be held at the Madison Square garden, have shown their hand. Their real animus is Mr. A. M. Palmer, and I ought to explain here that there are two theatrical sets in New York—the Palmer and the anti-Palmer. Each of them has a theatrical organ. It is generally understood that Mr. Daly and Mr. J. M. Hill are anti-Palmer, and it is declared by the anti-Palmer sheet that the fair is a Palmer move to celebrate Palmer. You will observe that Mr. Daly's company is not in the fair and that Mr. Palmer's is.

The scheme, however, has got too much momentum now to be seriously impeded by inside jealousies.

Two of the favorite metropolitan leading men threaten next season to go into the starring business. Mr. Maurice Barrymore leaves Mr. Palmer's company to return to Mme. Modjeska's. That will bring him once more to the attention of Ottawa and Peacock and Stumpdale. He was the favorite once in that lady's company when she was younger and not so indolent and when she spoke with even less accent than she now uses. I wonder if she expects to revive the youth of her company, seeing that she cannot revive her own?

Modjeska has an unblemished reputation as a countess and a genius in the provinces. Here we have momentum again. Missouri and Alabama and Detroit accept her unquestioningly for her fair fame's sake, and year after year she organizes her caravan and sets out to thrill the borders with her Russian dresses and her repertory.

The other favorite young man who steps out is Mr. John Drew, of Daly's. This is the loss of a fixture. It would be like pulling a tooth to the Daly audience if the manager had not promised to put a genuine Englishman in his place, which of course is like putting in a gold plate. John Drew has been enormously built by Mr. Daly. I doubt that he will be half as big anywhere else as he was under the favoring smile of Rehan. To my mind he was the worst cock-a-hoop Petruchio I ever saw; mainly, however, because Miss Rehan was the most resplendent Katherine that ever swept the stage. It used to bring tears of irony to our eyes to see him try to conquer that Amazonian pageant.

Well, John leaves Daly, and the only compensation offered us is that his successor by no means shall be an American actor. I cannot fancy John Drew as a star out of his present galaxy. He is a moon, and Daly is his sun.

I write this with Passion week at hand. The opera is winding up. Patti sings her swan song next week. The attendance is slim. Great gaps in the box circle show that spring has killed the musical season. With "Lucia" the birds will take wing, and then silence will sit in faded bowers. It is almost impossible to get up indoor enthusiasm with Easter so near. And there is one other fact growing more acute to the genteel manager every year, and it is that people with means fly from New York in March; they nestle down in Florida, flit to Paris, go to Old Point Comfort—anywhere out of this latitude. NYM CRINKLE.

"TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY!"

A Song That Has Captured Two Continents, and Its First Singer.

"Little Annie Rooney"—Allah be praised!—has fled to join "Sweet Violeta," "Whoa, Emma" and "White Wings" in the silent obscurity of the past. "Comrades" has come and gone—almost, and "They're After Me" is a memory. But we are not without a "popular song." We never are. "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" is with us, and is likely to stay until something newer and as "catchy" delivers us from its explosive melody.

LOTTIE COLLINS.

The words of this new song are not overburdened with intellectuality, and its meter is not precisely Lowellesque, but it goes; it goes everywhere. The first verse reads like this:

A smart and stylish girl you see,
Belle of good society;
Not too strict, but rather free,
Yet as right as right can be!
Never forward, never bold—
Not too hot and not too cold;
But the very thing I'm told,
That in your arms you'd like to hold.
The burden of its refrain is:
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.
This should be repeated eight times.
Farther along in the song comes:
I'm not extravagantly shy,
And when a nice young man is nigh,
For his heart I have a try—
I faint away with a fetching cry.
When the good young chap in haste
Puts his arms around my waist,
I don't come to while thus embraced
Till of my lips he steals a taste!
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, etc.

In the last verse, in order to correct any mistaken impression that may have been made, this occurs:

Ere my singing I conclude
I want it fully understood,
Though free as air I'm never rude—
I'm not too bad and not too good.

Lottie Collins, a famous London music hall "artist," was the first one to sing this song in the form which captured England and has spread with rapidity worthy of la grippe in America. She says the air has been a folk song in Europe for years, but that she got it from America. We ought to be more careful.

It may be mentioned that Miss Collins' salary jumped from $100 to $300 a week after she had "Boom-ta-ra-ra'd" a few times.

The other day new interest was added to this song by the beginning of a controversy, which, if the emphasis with which its parties speak is to be regarded, can only be appeased with b-l-o-d. A baker's dozen of gentlemen have claimed authorship of its words, as many singers have disputed Miss Collins' claim to priority of warbling it, and nearly every country, civilized and savage, has been called the land of its birth. Ta-ra-ra!

Horseman Millard Sanders.

Millard Sanders is one of the best known trainers of trotters in America. His fame rests upon three performances, any one of which would have been glory enough for most horsemen. One of the young Cleveland man's first successes of note was driving the famous Guy to a record of 2:10¾. In 1891 he added still more to his reputation as a trainer by capturing two world's records in a single day. He drove the yearling trotter Frou Frou in her world's record mile in 2:23¾, and he also handled the yearling pacer Fausta when she lowered the pacing record for her age to 2:22¾.

MILLARD F. SANDERS.

Both of the young world beaters were by the great sire Sidney, and Sanders not only drove them, but put them into form for their wonderful feats. He is looked upon as one of America's most promising horse trainers.

When Taking Down the Stove.

In taking down the stove, if any soot should fall upon the carpet or rug, cover quickly with dry salt before sweeping, and not a mark will be left. —New York Journal.